



Chambers's Journal

SIXTH SERIES.

A DAY WITH MACAULAY.

By G. L. APPERSON.

EVERY Londoner knows the Albany, that long row of buildings, let out in chambers to bachelors, which links Burlington Gardens to Piccadilly. It has been well called 'a luxurious cloister, whose inviolable tranquillity affords so agreeable a relief from the roar and flood of the Piccadilly traffic.' In the Albany, in a set of chambers numbered E1, lives in January 1841 the Right Honourable Thomas Babington Macaulay. Both his *History of England* and his peerage are yet in the future. At the date named Mr Macaulay is known to readers as a brilliant essayist, but to the world at large is better known as member of parliament for Edinburgh and Secretary at War in the Whig administration of Lord Melbourne.

His chambers are comfortably furnished, and overflow with books. The hall, the two sitting-rooms, and the bedroom are all walled with volumes. On this January morning Macaulay sits breakfasting among his books. The room has few ornaments beyond some fine Italian engravings, bronze statuettes of Voltaire and Rousseau, and, on the mantelpiece, a handsome chiming French clock given to the essayist by his publisher, Mr Thomas Longman. Macaulay is seldom without a book, either in his hand or in his pocket; and this morning, as he breakfasts, he turns over the pages of a volume of Addison and Steele's *Spectator*, reading a sentence or two here, glancing over old favourite passages with a smile of friendly recognition, and more rarely reading rapidly a whole essay.

Presently he rises from the table and goes to his desk. As he crosses the floor the shortness of his figure suddenly becomes apparent. There is little, indeed, in Macaulay's whole appearance to indicate the genius and learning which are enshrined within his brain. He is short, robust, and plain-looking. His head is massive and his features are rugged and homely. When in repose his face has little animation; but when he talks it is lit by the emotions of the moment, and the deep-blue eyes

sparkle with vivacity. A solid, robust individuality, of untiring energy and unwearying kindness and courtesy—such is Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Seated at his desk, he begins his labours on an article which he is preparing for the *Edinburgh Review*—an article destined to become famous as the essay on Warren Hastings. His text is the *Life* of the great Governor-general of India by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, a book which Macaulay, a day or two earlier, described to the editor of the *Edinburgh* as the worst book that he ever saw; and accordingly the opening paragraphs of the review which the essayist now writes are calculated to sting the reverend author with the causticity of their comment. A few sheets are drafted with flowing pen, and then Macaulay rises to prepare for his official day.

The new session of parliament has not yet opened, but Macaulay spends a few hours daily in Pall Mall. He emerges from the seclusion of the Albany into the full tide of life in Piccadilly, and heads for St James's Street and clubland. He looks in at Brooks's Club for a few minutes, and then continues his walk down the street into Pall Mall, and so to the War Office. With Macaulay's doings within the walls of that ill-arranged human hive we have no concern here.

Early in the afternoon the right honourable gentleman leaves his office, and, after a short visit to the library of the Athenæum Club, he makes his way Citywards. Macaulay knows the whereabouts of pretty well every second-hand bookshop and bookstall in London, and is almost as well acquainted with the stock of each shop as is the worthy bibliophile who owns it. Book-hunting is a pursuit that he loves; and when worried by the cares of office there is no relaxation so much to the minister's mind as a book-hunt among the back-lanes of the City. It would be tedious to follow this afternoon ramble in detail. Macaulay calls in at many shops where he is a well-known figure and customer, and turns over the literary wares on many a stall.

Ballads are a specially favourite quarry of the hunter. Street ballads and songs of every kind he buys with avidity. At one bookstall, at the end of his peregrinations this afternoon, he buys a bundle of ballads, mostly broadsides, coarsely printed and adorned with the roughest of woodcuts. As he walks along Macaulay notices that a small crowd of children, who have taken much interest in his purchase, are following him; and to his intense amusement he overhears them discussing among themselves whether or not the gentleman is going to sing! Much to their disappointment, however, the supposed singer of ballads hails a passing cab, and is swiftly conveyed to the Albany. But could the children see him as he sits in the cab, his lips moving in unuttered recitation, and his hand occasionally raised with declamatory gesture, they would be still more surely persuaded that the short gentleman, if not going to sing, was at least about to make a speech. Macaulay is composing one of those ballads which will shortly be famous under the title of *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and as the lines shape themselves within the energetic brain, the lips move in time and tune to the ringing, martial rhythm of the stirring tale.

An hour or two later, Macaulay is dining within the historic walls of Holland House—once the abode of Addison and his Countess, and now full of memories of Moore, Crabbe, Sydney Smith, and many another man of light and leading. Charles Greville, the clerk of the Council, and one or two other guests, are present at the hospitable board over which Lady Holland presides; but the party is small, for Lord Holland, to whom Macaulay pays so brilliant a tribute in one of his shorter essays, has been dead only a short three months.

After dinner the party reassembles in the splendid library, which is one of the glories of Holland House. It is a long gallery lined with books, and with a bay window at each end. Tradition says that Addison, when composing, was accustomed to walk up and down this gallery, finishing during the operation two bottles of wine, which stood one at each end of the long apartment. Macaulay describes it as a 'venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so

singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room.'

In this classic gallery Macaulay is to-night in great force. Once in the full flow of talk he gives his companions few chances to say much. He is a brilliant monologist, but knows little of the give-and-take of what is truly called conversation. He touches an amazing variety of subjects. Some chance allusion by another member of the company happens to start him on the Fathers of the Church, and Macaulay forthwith expatiates on that not too interesting topic. He mentions that while in India he had read the writings of St Chrysostom, gives the substance of a long sermon by the 'Saint of the Golden Mouth,' and thence travels on to certain obscure points in history, until Lady Holland, tiring of subjects of this kind, interrupts the flow, and shunts the talker on to a new track of ideas by saying, 'Pray, Macaulay, what was the origin of a doll? When were dolls first mentioned in history?'

Macaulay at once replies by explaining that the little girls of ancient Rome had dolls, which they offered up to Venus when they reached a certain age, and quotes Persius in support of this statement. From dolls he gets on to Milman's *History of Christianity*, to Strauss's *Life of Christ*—then a comparatively new book, and thence to the subject of myths in general. Macaulay is indeed a wonderful fount of rare and curious lore about every conceivable subject. His hearers may feel somewhat exhausted, somewhat submerged beneath the flow of learning and apt quotation; but Macaulay leaves off as unexhausted and as inexhaustible as he began.

Back once more in the quiet of the Albany, the brilliant talker appears in quite a different character. Before going to bed he sits down to write a little letter to one of his nieces. He writes a real child's letter in the simplest words and phrases, and winds it up with a description of a 'nice little girl, with a nice little rosy face,' for whom as a reward for good behaviour,

They brought the browned potatoes,
And minced veal, nice and hot,
And such a good bread-pudding,
All smoking from the pot!

JOHN BURNET OF BARNES.

CHAPTER VIII.—I TAKE LEAVE OF MY FRIENDS.



THE next month was, I think, the busiest in my life. For from the evening of my meeting with Michael Veitch my mind was firmly made up to go and travel abroad, and with this determination came all the countless troubles which a man must meet before he can leave his home. I was

busy night and day, now down at Peebles, now riding up Manor and all over the Barnes lands, seeing that all things were in right order ere my departure. I got together all the money I desired, and with drafts on the Dutch bankers, which the lawyer-folk in Edinburgh got for me, I was in no danger of falling into poverty abroad.

On Tam Todd I laid the management of all things in my absence; and Tam, much impressed by his responsibility, though it was a task which he had really undertaken long before in the later years of my father's life, went about his work with a serious, preoccupied air, as of Atlas with the world on his shoulders.

Then I had to visit many folk up and down Tweed to take farewell; and I had so many letters given me to men of standing abroad that if I had delivered them all I should have had to spend more time than I cared. One I valued more than any other, a letter written by Master Gilbert Burnet of London to a professor in the University of Leyden, which I hoped would bring me into the company of scholars. For I had changed my original intention of going to the wars; first, because I found on examination that in my inmost heart I had that hankering after learning which would never be sated save by a life with some facilities for study; second, because now that I was the sole member of the house it behoved me to bide on the land and see to it, and any such thing as soldiering would keep me away for too great a time. I sent, too, to the College Library at Glasgow for all the books on the Low Countries to be had, and spent much profitable time reading of the history of the place and how the land lay.

During these days I was much in the company of the new master of Dawyck, and a most delectable comrade I found him. He was of a free, generous nature, and singularly courteous to all, high and low, rich and poor alike. Yet with all these excellencies there was much that I liked ill about him, for he was over-fond of resorting to the taverns at Peebles, where he would muddle his wits in the company of his inferiors.

He came perhaps every third day to Barns to ride with me in the haugh, and he would abide to supper-time or even over-night, making me fear for Marjory's peace of mind. To his sister he was most dutiful and kind; and I was glad to think that now the days might be more pleasant for her with her brother in the house. And it pleased me to think that when I went abroad my lady would be left in no bad keeping.

The days, the short January days, passed quickly over my head, and almost ere I knew the time had come for my departure. And now when the hour came so nigh I felt some pain at the thought of leaving home and my beloved countryside for unknown places; though, to tell the truth, such thoughts were not ill to dispel by the contemplation of the pleasures in prospect. Yet it was with mingled feelings that I rode over to Dawyck on a sharp Monday afternoon to bid Marjory farewell.

I found her in the low, dim room looking to the west, where she was wont to sit in winter. A great fire crackled cheerily on the hearth, and many little devices about the place showed a

woman's hand. Holly with scarlet berries put colour into the sombre walls, and Marjory herself, fairer than any flower, made the firelight dull in the comparison. So light and lovely she looked as she greeted me, with her bright hair and unfathomable eyes.

'I have come to see you for the last time, Marjory,' I said; 'to-morrow I set out on my travels.'

'I am vexed that you are going away,' she said, and looked at me sadly; 'it will be lonely in Tweeddale without you.'

'My dear lass, I will not be long. Two years at the longest, and then I will be home to you and travel no more. What say you, Marjory?'

'Your will be done, John. Yet I would I could have gone with you.'

'I would you could, my dear,' I said. 'But that might scarce be. You would not like, I think, to sail on rough seas, or bide among towns and colleges. You love the woods too well.'

'Wherever you were,' said she, with her dear eyes drooped, 'I would be content to be.'

'But, Marjory, lass,' I spoke up cheerfully, for I feared to make her sad, 'you would not like me to stay at home, when the world is so wide and so many brave things to be seen.'

'No, no. I have no love for folks who bide in the house like children. I would have you go and do gallantly and come home full of fine tales. But where do you mean to go, and how will you pass your time?'

'Oh,' said I, 'I go first to Rotterdam, where I may reside for a while. Then I purpose to visit the college at Leyden to study, for I would fain spend some portion of my time profitably. After that I know not what I will do, but be sure that I will be home within the two years. For, though I am blithe to set out, I doubt not that I will be blither to come back again.'

'I trust you may not learn in those far-away places to look down on Tweeddale and the simple folks here. I doubt you may, John, for you are not a steadfast man,' and at this she laughed, and I blushed, for I thought of my conduct at Glasgow.

'Nay, nay,' I answered, 'I love you all too well for that. Though the Emperor of Cathay were to offer me all his treasure to bide away, I would come back. I would rather be a shepherd in Tweeddale than a noble in Spain.'

'Brave words, John,' she cried, 'brave words! See you hold to them.'

Then after that we fell to discussing Michael and his ways of amusing himself, and I bade Marjory tell her brother to look in now and then at Barns to see how Tam Todd fared. Also I bade her tell him that it was my wish that he should hunt and fish over my lands as much as he pleased. 'And see you keep him in order,' I added, laughing, 'lest he slip off to the wars again.'

'Oh John,' she said with a frightened look, 'do not speak so. That is what I fear above all things; for he is restless even here, and must ever be wandering from one place to another.'

'Tut, my dear,' I said. 'Michael, be sure, is too honest a man to leave you again when I am off, once I have left you in his care. Have no fear for him. But we are getting as dull as owls, and it is many days since I heard your voice. I pray you, sing me a song, as you used to do in the old days. 'Twill be long ere I hear another.'

She rose and went without a word to her harpsichord and struck a few notes. Now, Marjory had a most wonderful voice, more like a linnet's than aught else, and she sang the old ballads very sweetly. But to-day she took none of them, but a brisk martial song which pleased me marvellously well. I will set down the words as she sang them, for I have hummed them many a time to myself:

Oh, if my love were sailor-bred
And fared afar from home;
In perilous lands, by shoal and sands,
If he were sworn to roam;
Then, O! I'd hie me to a ship,
And sail upon the sea,
And keep his side in wind and tide
To bear him company.

And if he were a soldier gay,
And tarried from the town,
And sought in wars, through death and scars,
To win for him renown,
I'd place his colours in my breast,
And ride by moor and lea,
And win his side, there to abide,
And bear him company.

Forsooth a maid, all unafraid,
Should by her lover be,
With wile and art to cheer his heart,
And bear him company.

'A fine promise, Marjory,' I cried, 'and some day I may claim its fulfilment. But who taught you the song?'

'Who but the Travelling Packman or maybe the Wandering Jew?' she said laughingly; and I knew this way of answer which she used when she would not tell me anything. So to this day I know not whence she got the catch.

Then we parted, not without tears on her part and blank misgivings on my own. For the vexed question came to disturb me whether it was not mere self-gratification on my part thus to travel, and whether my more honourable place was not at home. But I banished the thoughts, for I knew how futile they were, and comforted my brave lass as best I could.

'Fare thee well, my love,' I cried as I mounted my horse, 'and God defend you till I come again; and whenever I looked back till I had passed the great avenue I saw the glimmer of Marjory's dress, and felt pricked in the conscience for leaving her.

CHAPTER IX.—I RIDE OUT ON MY TRAVELS AND FIND A COMPANION.

IT was on a fine sharp morning early in February that I finally bade good-bye to the folk at Barns, and forded Tweed, and rode out into the world. There was a snell feel in the air which fired my blood and made me fit for anything which Providence might send. I was to ride Maisie as far as Leith, where I was to leave her with a man at the Harbour-Walk who would send her back to Tweeddale; for I knew it would be a hard thing to get passage for a horse in the small ships which sailed between our land and the Low Countries at that time of year.

At the Lyne Water Ford, Michael Veitch was waiting for me. He waved his hat cheerfully, and cried, 'Good luck to you, John, and see that you bide not too long away.' I told him of a few things which I wished him to see to, and then left him, riding up the little burn which comes down between the Meldon Hills, and whither lies the road to Eddleston Water. When I was out of sight of him I seemed to have left all my home behind me, and I grew almost sorrowful. At the top of the ridge I halted and looked back. There was Barns among its bare trees and frosted meadows, with Tweed winding past, and beyond a silvery glint of the Manor coming down from its blue, cold hills. There was Scrape with its long slopes clad in firs, and the gray house of Dawyck nestling at its foot. I saw the thin smoke curling up from the little village of Lyne, and Lyne Kirk standing on its whin-covered brae, and the bonnie holms of Lyne Water where I had often taken great baskets of trout. I must have stayed there gazing for half-an-hour; and whenever I looked on the brown moors and woods where I had wandered from boyhood, I felt sorrowful whether I would or no.

'But away with such thoughts!' I said, steeling my heart. 'There's many a fine thing awaiting me; and, after all, I will be back in a year or two to the place and the folk that I love.' So I went down to the village of Eddleston whistling the 'Cavalier's Rant,' and firmly shutting my mind against thoughts of home. I scarce delayed in Eddleston, but pushed on up the valley, expecting to get dinner at the inn at Leadburn, which stands at the watershed, just where the county of Edinburgh touches our shire of Tweeddale. The way, which is a paradise in summer, was rugged and cold at this season. The banks of the stream were crusted with ice, and every now and then, as I passed, I raised a string of wild-duck, who fled noisily to the high wildernesses.

I came to Leadburn about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, somewhat cold in body, but brisk and comforted in spirit. I had Maisie stabled and myself went into the hostel and bade them get ready dinner. The inn is the most villainous

bleak place that I have ever seen, and I who write this have seen many. The rooms are damp and mouldy, and the chimney-stacks threaten hourly to come down about the heads of the inmates. It stands in the middle of a black peat-bog, which stretches nigh to the Pentland Hills; and if there be a more forsaken countryside on earth I do not know it. The landlord, nevertheless, was an active, civil man, not spoiled by his surroundings; and he fetched me an excellent dinner—a brace of wildfowl and a piece of salted beef, washed down with very tolerable wine.

When I had finished, and mounted my horse, I found a stranger looking up at me with a glance half-quizzical and half-deprecatory. Then he spoke:

‘Ye’ll be the Laird o’ Barnes settin’ oot on your travels?’

‘Good Lord! What do you know of my business?’ I asked; and as I looked at him I knew that I had seen the face before. Of a sudden he lifted his arm to rub his eyebrows, and the motion brought back to me at once a vision of excited players and a dry parched land, and a man perplexedly seeking to convince them of something; and I remembered him for the man who had brought the news to Peebles of the rising of Tweed.

‘I know you,’ I said. ‘You are the man who came down with news of the great flood. But what do you here?’

‘Bide a wee and I’ll tell ye. Ye’ll mind that ye tellt me if ever I was in need o’ anything to come your way. Weel, I’ve been up Tweed and down Tweed, and ower the hills and up the hills till there’s nae mair places left for me to gang. So I heard o’ your gaun ower the seas, and I took it into my heid that I wad like to gang tae. Sae here I am at your service.’

The fellow’s boldness all but took my breath away. ‘What in Heaven’s name would I take you with me for?’ I asked. ‘I doubt we would suit each other ill.’

‘Na, na; you and me wad gree fine. I’ve heard tell o’ ye, Laird, though ye’ve heard little o’ me; and by a’ accoonts we’re just made for ane anither.’

Now if any other one had spoken to me in this tone I should have made short work of him; but I was pleased with this man’s conduct in the affair just past, and besides I felt I owed something to my promise.

‘But,’ said I, ‘going to Holland is not like going to Peebles Fair; and who is to pay your passage, man?’

‘Oh,’ said he, ‘I maun e’en be your body-servant, sae to speak.’

‘I have little need of a body-servant. I am used to shifting for myself. But to speak to the purpose, what use could you be to me?’

‘What use?’ the man repeated. ‘Eh, sir, ye

ken little o’ Nicol Plenderleith to talk that gate. A’ the folk o’ Brochtoun and Tweedsmuir, and awa’ ower by Clyde Water, ken that there’s no’ his match for rinnin’ and speelin’ and shootin’ wi’ the musket. I’ll find my way oot o’ a hole when a’body else ‘ill bide in’t. But fie on me! to be blawin’ my ain trumpet at siccan a speed. But tak’ me wi’ ye; and if I’m no’ a’ I say, ye can cry me for a gowk at the cross o’ Peebles.’

Now I know not what possessed me, who am usually of a sober, prudent nature, to listen to this man; but something in his brown, eager face held me captive, and his powerful make filled me with admiration. He was honest and kindly—I had had good evidence of both; and his bravery was beyond doubting. I thought how such a man might be of use to me in a foreign land, both as company and protection. I had taken a liking to the fellow, and with our family such likings go for much. Nevertheless, I was almost surprised at myself when I said:

‘I like the look of you, Nicol Plenderleith, and am half-minded to take you with me as my servant.’

‘I thank ye kindly, Laird. I kenned ye wad dae’t. I cam’ to meet ye here wi’ my best claes for that very reason.’

‘You . . . rascal,’ I cried—half-laughing at his confidence and half-angry at his audacity—‘I’ve a good mind to leave you behind after all. You talk as if you were master of all the countryside. But, come along; we will see if the landlord has not a more decent suit of clothes for your back if you are going into my service.’

From the landlord at the inn I bought a suit of homespun clothes which by good fortune fitted Nicol, and left his old garments as part payment. Clad decently, he looked a great, stalwart man, though somewhat bent in the back, and with a strange craning forward of the neck, acquired, I think, from much wandering among hills. I hired a horse to take him to Edinburgh; and the two of us rode out of the yard, followed by the parting courtesies of the host.

Nicol rode like a trooper, sitting his horse as if he had rarely been out of the saddle in his life. ‘Where did you learn it?’ I asked him, when we were almost into the little town of Penicuik. ‘You seem to have been much used with horses.’

‘Ye may weel say that, sir. I’ve ridden a horse on places that never a hoof touched afore. Ye’ll hae heard tell o’ Talla Linns and the sklidders abune?’

‘Heaven defend us!’ I cried. ‘You have never ridden there?’

‘Ay have I,’ said he grimly, ‘and to waur bits; but thae stories ‘ill keep till anither time. It’s no guid to spoil our startin’ by tellin’ wanchancy tales. If ye wad like it, Laird, I wad sing ye a bit glee;’ and when I gave my

consent he broke into one of these wild, stirring ballads the country folk sing at the fairs, and from this place onward beguiled the way with many curious catches.

When we came to the brae above Rosslyn he halted and looked back to where the long-backed hills of Tweeddale broke the sky-line. A tender look came over his face. 'There ye are,' he cried, waving his hand, 'a' my ain bonny hills. I ken ye every ane, and mony a time I've wandered among ye. But it'll be lang or I see ye again, for I'm awa to laigh lands; but I'll no forget ye.'

I gripped his hand, for his feelings were mine, and I honoured the man; and from that moment began a perfect understanding between the two of us. Now I was glad that he had come with me, for he shortened the way with stories and

jests which he had gathered in his many travel-lings, and had me now laughing and now sad, but always delighted.

Of our journey to Edinburgh I have little else to tell. We came to the town in the afternoon, and went through the streets to the port of Leith after leaving our horses at the place arranged for. I was grieved to part from Maisie, for I had ridden her from boyhood and she had come to know my ways wondrous well. We found a vessel to sail the next morn for Rotterdam, and bargained with the captain for our passage. When all had been settled, and we had looked our fill upon the harbour and the craft, and felt the salt of the sea on our lips, we betook ourselves to an inn, 'The Three Herrings,' which fronted the quay, and there abode for the night.

GARGOYLES AND VANES.

By SARAH WILSON.



WHEN we look up to the rows and rows of long level sky-lines made by the ridges of our roof-tops, it is pleasant to note their monotony occasionally broken by crest-tiles of an ornamental character. Few of us are aware of the prehistoric ancestry of these decorative ridges. In the old time before us, roofs were covered with sods or thatch, and out of these primitive materials grew weeds and wild-flowers, as their seeds were borne on to them by the winds, or carried to them by birds, which gave to their outlines the flowery effect these ornamental ridge-tiles try to reproduce for us. There are, moreover, some other features on our roofs well worthy of notice.

Let us look at some of the old rain-water spouts, or gargoyles. It is only recently that the word gargoyle has found its way into our dictionaries. Even technical glossaries of repute passed it over a few years ago. But now it is not only included, but chosen for illustration in lexicographical works that are enlivened with woodcuts. This advance in public estimation is probably the result of the exceptional wave in the waters of sanitary science now passing over us, which has drawn attention to the manner our ancestors made provision for the limitation of one of the evils with which they had to contend. We find our predecessors not only contrived a means to prevent the damp that would have ensued if rain-water had not been diverted from falling off their roofs into the foundations of their buildings, but so treated these discharging spout-heads from their gutters as to make them give considerable ornamentation. The application of the term gargoyle to these contrivances is said to be due to the dragon-

like character that was at first given to them, coupled with the fact that there was a particular dragon known by that name that kept the district round Rouen in trepidation. Directly these fantastic spouts came into use they were treated as works of art, in so far as two were never made alike. Those who have studied the subject aver that many of them are fine works of sculpture; and they are often so adroitly placed as to bring out the salient points of a fabric, and conduce to its pleasing effect. They were employed from about the middle of the thirteenth century, and were gradually improved in form and delicacy of design and execution. At first they were somewhat short and thick, but after a time were made longer, to project farther, and with more elegant details.

Draped figures pouring out the waters from urns or vases are frequently seen on ancient buildings; but grotesque animals and strange birds are more usual. They are most conspicuous when placed at the angles of towers. They are, however, quite as frequently found along the aisles of churches, protruding from the parapets, to throw off the waters falling from the higher roofs of the naves. There is one on the roof of the aisle of Morpeth Church in which the rain pours out of a vessel held by a female figure. There are many ancient examples in Yorkshire churches, as at Bedale, Wensley, and Spennithorne. They form interesting features below the parapets of Pope's Tower at Stanton Harcourt, as well as on the church close by, peering down into the ripe old garden and scanning the distant country. In the quaint nook in the ancient city of Wells called the Vicars' Close, which is approached through a hoary archway rich with sculptured ornamentation as hoary and impressive, there

are several elaborately carved gargoyles looking down from the embattled and open-work parapets of a neighbouring roof upon the placid length of the close and upon the gabled fronts of the vicars' houses with their charming oriels, one of which represents a hooded monk with a roll in his hand, from which the waters issue. There are examples in Northamptonshire, in Somerset, at Lostwithiel in Cornwall, and, in fine, in most counties. In France and Italy they are still more numerous. Nor has 'the modern,' as we have been called, discarded them. They help to make up the picturesque outlines of the superb chalet in Northumberland known as Cragside. Craning their long necks above the roof-tops of various parts of the structure, curious creatures look over the rocky steepes, the rock-formed steps in the banks, the cascading and eddying burns, their fern-clad banks, the sweeps of choicest heather, the flowery walks, and the great silent stone-strewn moor encircling the grounds, with considerable contribution to the attractiveness of the building.

Weather-cocks or vanes, or fanes, as they were formerly named, are also interesting features on roofs. They have their legends, and can even boast a fulfilled prophecy. There was an old assertion, similar in character to many of Mother Shipton's prophecies, that the ball on the top of St Paul's Cathedral and the vane of Bow Church should one day be under the same roof, which, unlikely as it appeared, actually took place when they lay side by side for repair, or additions, in a London foundry. They have a dash of comicality, too, as when in the days of Jumbo's popularity a huge elephant was placed as a vane on a high water-tower at Colchester. Their artistic value has been noted and made use of in many works of repute. Even the late poet-laureate more than once gave them a place in his word-pictures. In *Walking to the Mail*, John asks: 'Whose house is that I see?' And goes on to explain:

'No, not the county member's with the vane:
Up higher with the yew-tree by it and half
A score of gables.'

And in *The Letters* the first line reads, 'Still on the tower stood the vane.' In *Aylmer's Field*, too, there is mention of a blazing wyvern that 'weather-cock'd the spire.'

Longfellow, likewise, used them often as touches of enrichment. The Academy on the Hill of Science, in the *Poet's Tale*, has a belfry crowned with a 'vane of brass;' the village church spire, in *The Children of the Lord's Supper*, is tipped with a vane of metal; Paul Revere 'saw the gilded weather-cock swim in the moonlight' when he galloped into Lexington; sunsets gilded the vanes on the chimneys in the little village of Grand Pré; and on the farm-buildings of Benedict Bellefontaine, over the thatched roofs and the corn-lofts and the dovescots, 'in the variant breezes numberless noisy weather-cocks rattled and sang of

mutation.' And it would be easy to lengthen this list from the pages of other poets. The cock is regarded as a representative of the one that crowed on the morning that Peter denied his Master, by those who find types in all architectural features. The instrument of martyrdom of the patron saints of some churches are chosen for vanes, as in the case of the gridiron of St Lawrence at Bishopstone Church, Herefordshire. Heraldic devices are still more frequent, especially on old manor-houses. Banner-shaped vanes are also very general. These are survivals of the old custom of displaying the heraldry of a proprietor on the banner that he unfurled on his topmost tower, or rather an application of the same mode of proclaiming his proprietorship, as many of them are perforated with crests and monograms. Looking up at them from the ground, no one would give them the credit of their dimensions and weight, which are really very considerable. They are often made of gun-metal, and weigh several hundredweights. A copper vane on West Vale Church, Halifax, weighs, with its cardinal points, twelve hundredweight, and the cock measures between two and three feet from beak to tail; and this is by no means an unusual size.

In a few instances there may be seen, standing out shadowless against the sky, on the roofs of ancient castles, stone figures of men, life-sized, hurling down stones, or discharging arrows, or in other ways taking part in the defence of the fortress. These are thought to have been placed there to give an appearance of a good strong garrison, and to confuse besiegers when taking aim at such of the beleaguered as manned the walls. They are to be seen both in England and Scotland, and they have been noted as well on ancient town-gateways. There are a score or more of these stone warriors on the roofs of the towers of Alnwick Castle. Some of them stand on the coping of the battlemented parapets; and they stood there, looking down into the courtyards, or baileys, when three Plantagenet kings successively rode under the deep-ribbed archways of the entrance gateways, and, dismounting, strode into the thick-walled chambers of the keep of the ancient Percies; for they are of great antiquity. They are not only on such of the towers as are easily approached, but upon those defending the innermost courtyard. Some carry shields; some have crossbows; some have lifted large stones shoulder-high; others appear to be merely watching. No two of these are alike, as in the case of gargoyles.

The outlines of the gables of some roofs, instead of being two slanting lines forming an angle more or less acute, are made in steps. This form is called step-gabled in England, and corbie-gabled in Scotland; and it possesses an old-fashioned charm, combining movement, dignity, and a pleasant air as of salutation and welcome. There are several good examples in Norfolk. The real home of the

corbie-steps, however, is in Scotland, where it may be considered a national feature. Argyll House, Stirling, owes as much to the corbie-stepped gables as to the high cone-shaped roofs on its staircase towers for its quaint effect. The corbelled-out bartisans of such edifices as Elcho Castle, Perth, would lose much of their indescribable character if associated with gables finished in a less characteristic manner. Thousands of brave Scots in distant lands, recalling and picturing to themselves the auld house at home, amidst their foreign surroundings, think of them with indelible delight. The first view Waverley had of Tully-Veolan manor-house, it will be remembered, consisted of steep roofs and narrow gables with lines indented with steps; and on further acquaintance he saw, projecting from the roof among the bartisans and turrets, gargoyles in the form of the bears which were so lavishly used to decorate the building. And, although this is not a sketch of any particular mansion, Sir Walter Scott tells us he has incorporated in it the peculiarities of various old Scottish seats, and especially features to be found in the ancient houses of Warrender upon Bruntsfield Links, Old Ravelston, Dean near Edinburgh, Grandtully, and perhaps Traquair. The great word-painter has not omitted to mention there was a gilded bear there, too, 'by way of vane.'

So far, we have glanced only at the old-world relics upon our roofs. Over and above these, we have various presentments of our own progress. On some roofs we may see anemometers, with their balls 'swimming in the moonlight' like the vane Paul Revere saw as he galloped into Lexington, or languidly poised in the golden sunshine, or tearing round and round in tempests; on others we may see lightning-conductors. There is an anemometer, for instance, on the summit of the highest tower of the keep of Alnwick Castle, high above the heads of the stone warriors mentioned as guarding the roofs of many of the lower towers around it, as well as a lightning-conductor. There are long lines of telegraph wires, the gossamers of modern invention, stretched across the roofs of thousands of our houses; and telephone and electric lighting wires are becoming equally general.

Just as there is 'a soul above the soul of each which yet to each belongs,' as the poet has it, so there is above our streets and above our rooftops, frequented only by the birds of the air, a strange city of gargoyles, vanes, statues, lightning-conductors, fire-escapes, ventilators, advertisements, signboards, and miles and miles of wires, crossing and recrossing, veiled in 'the curling smoke' of chimneys, with legends and traditions and poetry of its own.

JUST AN EPISODE.

By FLORENCE EUGÉNIE DAVIDSON.

CHAPTER I.



I TRIED not to show it, but I certainly was irritated: my breakfast lost its flavour, and I could not endure to see Mimsy, just outside the dining-room window, revelling in the sunshine which lapped her

around as though it loved her, while she fed the pigeons and coo-cooed to them in their own soft tones.

And there was my sister Priscilla, seated opposite me, stabbing me again and again, pitilessly, mercilessly, though unconsciously, until it was a relief to hear the crunch of horses' hoofs on the gravel, and know that I could leave home-vexations behind for a time as I flew along to visit my patients.

On one point I was absolutely determined: I would not marry Mimsy. That is to say, I would not ask *her* to marry *me*. That should at last be settled beyond alteration. I had been working up to this conclusion for a long time. Since I became her guardian, when she came to me twelve years ago, a dainty little maiden of six, the young monkey had woven herself into my life until she was a part of it. And as she grew from childhood into womanhood, tall and slim and fair, brighten-

ing the house with her sunniness and making everyone love her, I became conscious that some day, perhaps before long, she would assuredly be wooed and won.

And now the blows that I anticipated were beginning to fall: this was the first; there would be a series. And I—under whose care she lived, who loved every tone of her happy voice, every touch of her soft hand, loved her as I felt sure no other man, however worthy and ardent, could ever love her—would not even try to win her love in return. And why? Well, the long string of letters after my name represented many years of hard work, and made me realise that I was forty—just to think of it!—while Mimsy was only eighteen. Then I stood in the relation of a father to her. It could not be otherwise, in spite of all the little tender caresses of which she was so prodigal. They meant nothing more than a child's gratitude and appreciation of kindnesses received.

And now, what was it that Priscilla said that took the flavour from my coffee and made eating a pretence? Her words rang in my ears as I was borne along.

'Yes, Mimsy is certainly very attractive and

sweet, and no wonder Harry has lost his heart to her. Do you know, John, the boy came to me last night in a very diffident way and asked me to speak to you?'

Knowing me to be a man of few words, Priscilla did not appear to expect any comment. If she could have seen the big thump that my heart gave at that moment, she might not have continued so placidly:

'You see, John, Harry has confided to me that he loves Mimsy. He said: "Auntie, I believe I have always loved her. I cannot remember the time, since she lived with you, when it was not a pleasure to be with her, to run and fetch and carry for her, and to be her slave. No other woman has ever for one moment come before her. I think she cares for me too. Will you speak to uncle? I feel just a little afraid that he will not think me worthy of her. And yet, if he would give his consent to an engagement, I would prove myself worthy. I would work, and rise in my profession, and make a name that you should all be proud to hear." Harry has the greatest admiration for you, John.'—

It was at this precise moment of Priscilla's discourse that I formed a desperate and sudden resolution. I would not only allow but would help on this affair. If Mimsy cared for Harry, she should marry him if she would. I got up from the table, and composed myself sufficiently to say:

'Harry is a fine young fellow, Priscilla; tell him he may try his luck.'

In came Mimsy through the open window, and, seeing that I was just going, darted across the room and linked her hands over my arm:

'What! going already, Guardy? Bother the patients; they are always taking you away from us.'

And then she put her soft lips to my hand and gave it a series of little kisses. I remonstrated:

'My dear child, you are getting too old for this sort of thing. You really must not behave so foolishly.'

But she only laughed.

'You dear, sweet, good man, there is no one like you in the whole world. I'll see you into the carriage.' Which she did, standing on the step to have a parting word. 'I want to consult you, darling, particularly.' Then she jumped lightly to the ground and waved her hand as I disappeared.

CHAPTER II.



WAS much disturbed by Priscilla's announcement; but when the carriage stopped I resolutely put all thoughts of it away, giving to my day's work the attention I loved to bestow. It was always pleasant to me to see the brightening of a weary face when I entered a sick-room, or to give relief when a delicate case of surgery demanded all my care and skill.

That morning I had a large number of patients to visit, and it was past the usual time when I turned into the drive of my own house, to see those who, I knew, would be awaiting me there.

Arrived in the consulting-room, I glanced down the list which my man had put on the table. The first name on it was that of General Miller. I rang the bell for him to be shown in.

A few moments later and Harris's quiet step crossed the hall; but instead of announcing the General, whom I rose to receive, he said: 'Miss Miriam, sir,' and retired.

And there before me, in defiance of my strict rule prohibiting members of my household from intruding on my professional time, stood Mimsy, in all the glory of full riding-costume, her face flushed with the consciousness of her wrong-doing, and her eyes sparkling with mischief.

'Sure, thin, doother darlint,' she said, with a fine Irish brogue put on for the occasion, 'it's myself that's very ill. An' will ye be prescribin' for me now?'

Then, catching sight of my face as I stood silent, severely displeased, she changed her tone:

'Oh, yes, I know. But it's all right. I listened for the bell, and pounced on Harris, and made him show me in.'

Then she tried coaxing:

'I do want a few moments of your time, Guardy. And you can make me pay for it, you know. Send in your bill, as you do to your other patients.'

I took no notice of this intense rudeness. People who live in constant daily intercourse with you sometimes permit themselves to say things which the less intimate would not say. It is the contempt following familiarity.

'Well, make haste,' I said, with more asperity than I felt, withdrawing my hand, which she had seized in her slim fingers; 'I have a roomful of people to see, and my time is precious.'

'I hate patients!' she exclaimed emphatically. 'If I married a doctor I would offend them all. Everything has to give way to them—horrid things!'

I made a gesture of impatience.

'I wonder if you will ever grow up, Miriam,' I said. How very young she was!

Suddenly she went to the point.

'You see, Guardy, it's just this. Harry asked last night if he might ride with me this morning; and Priscilla says I must ask you if you approve of so much scampering over the country with Harry, and so—and so'—lamely. 'Well, that's all, Guardy.'

All, indeed! I restrained a desire to take her by the shoulders and put her out of the room. Wasting my time for this! And yet, after all, it was right that she should come to me; right, if Harry loved her, that he should have a chance of telling her so. And why not now? Harry was twenty-four, a fine, honest, straightforward young

soldier, likely to rise in his profession, as he said, and devoted to Miriam.

'The question is, Do you like Harry to ride with you?' I asked nervously, vaguely wondering, the while, why I was nervous. I had made up my mind that morning, most decidedly, that Miriam was not for me; therefore she might be for Harry if they both so chose.

'Oh yes, darling,' frankly. 'I am so fond of Harry. He is so bright and cheerful and full of fun. And we tear along at such a pace that poor old Jenkins gets quite puffed. A gallop with Harry is a perfect delight, Guardy.'

Yes, that was it—'so bright and cheerful and full of fun;' just suited to one another, in fact.

'Very well, then, off you go with Harry,' I said, with as much grace as I could command; for well I knew that, with my consent, conveyed to him through Priscilla, Harry would lose no time in coming to the point. I felt instinctively that this morning's ride would decide Mimsy's fate—and mine. Yet why mine? I had given up all thought of winning her myself, much as I loved her. I was not going to ask her to love an old fogey like me other than as she did already—as a child would love its father. Had I not settled it once for all? And my time being wasted like this, too! I must get rid of her at once. And yet, as she stood there before me, in all the flush of her

youth and beauty, I would have given worlds to have kept her my little child-ward for ever. But it could not be. ('Stifle down your regrets, you medical man of middle-age! Think of marrying some one who will love your patients for the money they represent, and rule your house with the wisdom of the world!')

I took my courage in both hands. I drove Mimsy from the room and shut the door upon her, and I rang the bell for General Miller with unaccustomed violence—I who loved quietness and repose, and impressed the practice of those virtues upon my household!

General Miller was suffering from a poisoned finger; and as it had been necessary for me to perform a slight operation, he came now to have the wound dressed. I turned my whole attention to the matter in hand as soon as he entered the room. I would not allow myself to think of anything else. And when the horses came round, past my window, and I heard Mimsy's voice saying, 'No, Harry; Jenkins will put me up,' I bent over the poor discoloured finger before me, and touched it very tenderly. But, though I would not look up, I could not shut my ears to the chatter going on at the hall-door, and I was glad when the sounds grew fainter and fainter, until at last, in the distance, they gradually died away.

(To be continued.)

SHIPS' NAMES.



OME time ago, when warships' names were under consideration, a suggestion was made that those chosen should be fairly familiar to sailors knowing 'little Latin and less Greek.'

Hardy toilers of the sea decline to delve among classic roots. This fact did not escape the notice of Dean Trench, who indicated the tendency of British sailors to Anglicise all ships' names. Thus *Bellerophon* becomes 'Billy Roughen' in the nautical vernacular; *Terpsichore* lives again as 'Tapsikoar;' while *Eurydice* and *Calliope*, or even *Penelope*, would be utterly unintelligible to their fair owners could they revisit our planet from the shades. Anson, Benbow, Collingwood, Nelson, and Rodney are names to conjure with to-day. Not every admiral, however, has been blessed with a name suitable for pious perpetuation in this way. Shovel and Mings would scarcely be satisfactory, although those sterling seamen illuminate the pages of modern history. Such expressive terms as *Retribution*, *Powerful*, *Terrible*, *Vengeance*, *Magnificent*, and *Thunderer* appeal powerfully to our jolly jack-tars. The '*Saucy*' *Arethusa*! What old-time memories that combination of letters brings vividly back to sea-folk! Hence the name of a warship famed in song and story is quite naturally handed down from generation to generation as a

precious heirloom. Occasionally, however, a brand-new name is introduced, as, for example, the *Shah*, allotted to a ship launched during a visit of that Persian potentate to our shores. Frequently the name of a warship will afford an approximate indication as to her magnitude. Thus it might safely be predicted that the *Goliath* is a big ship, and the *Pigmy* a relatively small one.

In the Merchant Navy, also, some regard is paid to the appropriateness of names applied to ships. Owners adopt some special system, or have their vessels christened after mountain, dale, river, lake, or other distinctive feature of the land to which they belong or whither they trade. Prior to 1871 the name of a British ship might not legally be changed, though a vessel bought from a foreign flag was free from such restriction. Now, after compliance with certain conditions, reputed safeguards against fraud, and advertising the proposed change in the shipping journals, a ship may assume a name other than that she received on launching. An unseaworthy ship cannot defy detection by an alias, inasmuch as her original appellation, and any other she may subsequently have borne, will be found in the Mercantile Navy List and Lloyd's Register of Shipping. An owner, deeming *The Devil* somewhat unflattering, changed the name of his purchase to *The Printer's Boy*, apparently in a jocular

mood, to express the same thing more euphoniously. Another vessel, the *Weasel*, bought by a Scotch firm, forthwith became the *Scotia*. Changing again to English owners, she was named *Ezmouth*, to agree with other vessels of her new firm, bearing the names of Devonshire worthies, such as *Grenville*, *Northcote*, and *Raleigh*. A Nova Scotia craft, once the *Pet*, is now the *Virago*. Perhaps she did not justify the high opinion held of her while yet untried. The *Viking* has become the *Czarina*. Here we have a change from masculine to feminine, though both relate to northern dynasties. It must not be forgotten that a ship, whatever her name, is always referred to by seafarers as if of the gentler sex.

With the exception of fishing-vessels, yachts, and craft on inland waters, every British ship must have her name well in evidence on each bow, the letters not less than four inches in height, of a light colour on a dark ground, and dark on a light ground. Her stern is embellished with her name and her port of registry. The most cursory glance at the names of British ships is sufficient to show how true it is that the sun never sets on the British flag. There are *Ben Seng Heng* of Singapore, *Bhownugger* of Bombay, *Beata Virgine del Carmelo* of Malta, *Boule d'Or* of Quebec, *Ysidora Rionda* of New Providence, *Bricks Bergen* of Bermuda, *Josefta* of Belize, *Nijerheid* of Cape Town, *Jeane Antoinette Rose* of Mauritius, and other examples too numerous to mention. Probably the longest name on record is that of a vessel belonging to Colombo, the *Wesakan Seria Kentadewy Kerre Amina*. This must cover a large portion of her hull if properly painted. A story, which, if not true, is not badly told, runs to the effect that while the barque *Cape City* was at Hong Kong a Chinaman was engaged to paint the necessary name on each bow. He produced on one bow the legend CAPECITY, without a space between the two words. Then he noted that the 'x' was nearest to the ship's stern; and remembering this fact, he afforded an excellent example of how severely logical his race can be, for in a little while he had painted on the other bow the striking permutation YXICEPAC, to his own delight and the crew's amazement.

Humorous and sentimental elements are not wanting in ships' names. *What's that to you?* would be a rather saucy reply to the friendly hail across the waters, 'What ship is that?' *Go ask her* may have a hidden meaning, and the *Why not?* is suggestive. An apparently apologetic owner names his craft *Can't help it*, and the Mark Tapleys are represented by *Happy-go-lucky* and *Jolly Dogs*. Several small vessels are named *Try*, and an equal number *Try again*, which implies previous failure. A few less emphatic prefer *I'll try*. Probably the latter have invested hard-earned capital, and will try to woo fickle fortune on the salt sea. *Lead on, Go ahead, I'll away*, and *Fear not* indicate the dashing owner; but there is room for speculation as to the significance of the name *Just in time*. Newfoundland has a vessel named *X.10.U.8*, perhaps gleaned from the puzzle column of a local paper, for *Extenuate*; *XL*.

may stand for *Excel* or for *Forty*; and *X.X.X.* smacks of the pothouse treble *X*.

Managers of large shipping firms do not unbend in this way when allotting names to their ships. The Peninsular and Oriental and the British India generally affect names of Indian places. Over twenty-five steamers belonging to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company take their names solely from home and foreign rivers, such as *Tamar*, *Nile*, and *Tagus*. The New Zealand Shipping Company and Shaw Savill Company have a number of fine steamships and sailing-vessels named after rivers, towns, and mountains in New Zealand. Ships of the Aberdeen White Star Line all have classical names except, perhaps, one, the *Samuel Plimsoll*, named after that seaman's friend as a tribute to the esteem in which he is held by the firm. Their famous *Thermopylae*, no longer under the White Star flag, made some remarkably rapid passages under canvas when a new ship. Messrs Lamport & Holt have a large steam fleet bearing the names of men distinguished in literature, in science, and in art—such as *Caxton*, *Euclid*, *Mozart*, and *Archimedes*, to wit. Another Liverpool firm, the Ocean Steamship Company, has ransacked Homer and Greek literature; and the heroes whose praises are sung there, and the poets who sang them, live again in the *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*, *Eschylus*, and others. Names of Cunard steamers end in 'ia,' as the *Lucania*; those of the White Star in 'ic,' as the *Majestic*. Harrison Line steamers bear class names, such as *Editor*, *Astronomer*, and *Explorer*. None but birds' names are conferred on vessels of the General Steam Navigation Company, and the list of the ships belonging to Messrs G. & J. Burns reads like an inventory of a zoological garden. Counties, cities, dukes, princes, lords, and similar items form the basis of classification differentiated for various lines. Among ships' names will be found the latest hero of the drama, the latest battle, the winner of the Derby, and the most famous statesmen.

For many years the christening of a vessel has been accomplished by breaking a bottle of wine on her bow as she glides into the water from the place where she is built. An improvement on this has been made in two of the United States of America, Delaware and Maine. There the wine is dispensed with; and in lieu thereof young ladies, tastefully dressed, throw flowers at the bow and the stern of the vessel as she strikes the water. The Japanese use neither wine nor flowers. A pasteboard cage, containing several birds, is suspended over the ship's stern, and immediately the vessel is afloat a man pulls a string which opens the cage-door, and the birds fly away. Not infrequently the large number of feathered songsters make the air alive with music and the whirl of wings. It is said that underlying this curious custom is the belief of the Japanese that the singing birds welcome the ship as she commences her career, a thing endowed with motion. In olden times ships were fewer and names more poetical as a general rule than at present.

IN COMMAND OF A COMPANY.

AN EPISODE OF THE TURCO-GREEK WAR.

By THEODORE THEARLE.

IMPLORE you, Sophia, to listen to reason and come with me at once; every moment's delay is increasing our peril.

'And be a coward!' she interrupted, with such withering scorn in the last word that a flush rose to my cheeks.

'Precaution is not cowardice but wisdom,' I retorted, somewhat nettled; 'while to remain here another hour is simply madness. Look yonder; there are the Turkish camp-fires not four miles distant; while, from what I could learn this afternoon, the Greeks are retreating, and have changed their line of defence, so that there is actually at this present moment not a man between us and the enemy, and we may expect a visit from some of their scouts at any instant. Such a house as this will not long escape their ravenous gaze.'

'Don't dare to tell me, Jack, that the Greeks are retreating. It is a downright lie, and I scorn its teller.' With that she stamped her little foot so vehemently that I started at the wild, patriotic passion that fired this flashing-eyed Thessalian maid; and, angry and annoyed though I was at her stubborn resistance to my wish, my admiration and love for her was only inflamed a hundred-fold by her unselfish and reckless heroism.

'Come, like a good girl, and talk sensibly,' I replied in a coaxing manner, trying at the same time to take hold of one of her hands, which, however, she indignantly withdrew. 'There is no denying we are between two fires at present. To-morrow, more than likely, there will be a battle, and your father's house here is sure to be seized by the Turks; and what will become of you then, Sophia?' and I shrugged my shoulders by way of warning.

'No, Jack; I shall stick to my post,' she answered persistently. 'If there is a battle, all the greater need for me to be here to tend the wounded. Who knows but that my father or brothers may be carried in here, and shall I be less brave than they? Besides, I have no fear for the Greeks; they will soon drive the Turks out of this helter-skelter. As soon as it is daylight I shall hoist the Greek flag, so that they may know where I am.'

'For heaven's sake don't do that, Sophia; it will bring a horde of Turks down on you at once. What a fool I have been to remain here so long, or let you stay either! It was my love for you, Sophia,' I added in tenderest tones, 'that made me consent to your wilful delay.'

'You might have been better occupied fighting

for dear old Greece. I was quite competent to look after myself,' was the cool rejoinder.

'Precious little use I would be to them. I always find people can manage their own affairs much better without the fussing help of outside individuals. You see, I am not a boaster, like some others I know.'

'You mean Captain Xenides by your cowardly sarcasm. It little becomes *you* to miscall a brave man who is fighting nobly for his country, while you, who profess love for me, are hanging round, with your hands in your pockets, doing nothing.'

'Except risking my head every moment I wait here, which is more than that penniless adventurer would dare to do for you. You know well that the Turks have good cause to hate me. My love for you, Sophia, has led me to spend more money than was either safe or prudent in helping to arm your thankless nation.'

The deep flush of anger that heightened the colour on cheek and forehead of this handsome, high-blooded girl warned me that my jealous frenzy at the name of a dreaded rival had overstepped the mark.

'Ah, you English! you are all alike a race of shopkeepers. It is always money, money, with you. You boast and brag of it as if it should buy everything. In your arrogance and conceit, no doubt, you think you have a right to me, being the richest bidder. How I do pity your poor English girls! But it is time you learned a lesson; and I am glad I am here to teach you there is something your money can't buy, and that is a Greek girl's heart. That can only be won by the brave man who dares to fight for his country.'

'Now, look here, Sophia, before this wretched, foolish war broke out, and that mealy-mouthed Xenides put such stuff and nonsense into your head, you were really a sensible girl; and I think, Sophia, you cared a little for me.'

'Sensible! Thank you for your complimentary condescension. I suppose "sensible" girls in England fetch higher prices. As for caring for you then, why, that was before your courage had been tested'—

'And you had seen the smart uniform and dashing bearing of Captain Xenides,' I added, with slight scorn.

Then, as I thought a moment, a resolution formed itself to go over to the Greek lines, and by representing her danger to the commander, prevail upon him, for her father's sake—a well-known colonel—to send a small contingent to rescue her from her peril; for my heart sickened

at the thought of such a beautiful girl falling into the hands of the Turks.

'Now, Sophia, time is precious. Not caring to lose my head as you have done, only in a different way, I am determined to put some miles between myself and these swarthy rascals over there,' I said, pointing to an irregular line of flickering flames that now seemed brighter in the gathering dusk. 'If you will not come, then I must say good-bye—perhaps—for ever.'

My faltering tones suddenly seemed to touch the deeper passionate nature of the girl, and there, in the darkness, she took my hand:

'You have been a kind friend to me, Jack, and should we never meet again you will sometimes think of me, Jack, won't you? My duty will not let me go with you. If I do fall into the hands of the Turks, and if they are as bad as report makes them out to be, do not fear on my account. See!—and she opened the bosom of her dress and took out a small revolver, whose cold, polished steel muzzle glistened in the darkness—'that will rob them of their prey. Good-bye.' Then she lifted her beautiful face to mine, and in a moment my lips were pressed against hers in one long, passionate kiss, until she gently pushed me back, and, turning round, vanished into the house, leaving me standing in the garden alone.

My first impulse was to dash after her and avow my intention of standing by her and defending her to the last; but a moment's reflection showed me the folly of such an idea. What could one man do against a multitude of armed soldiers? Besides, if I could possibly reach the Greek lines I might succeed in getting a company to come to her rescue.

This last thought determined my movements at once. Taking a glance at the dim glare that marked the position of the Greek camp-fires, I started off at a brisk pace in that direction.

The stillness as of foreboding death reigned over the land, and above the darkness one by one the stars peeped out, like the distant camp-fires of a heavenly host gathered on the eve of battle to witness the scene of carnage.

But there was little time to think of the beauty of the night. If one has ever tried to cross a vine-growing country, especially at night, he will know and appreciate the difficulties that faced me; the high walls to scale and deep ditches to jump tested temper and patience.

I had just reached a little stone-paved path, winding in and out amongst the vineyards and olive groves, when I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs behind. A lemon-tree grew near at hand, and in a few seconds I had climbed into its branches, hiding myself as best I could amid its leaves.

A group of horsemen presently appeared, approaching at a walking pace, and the Turkish fez and tunic soon indicated their nationality.

I held my breath as they passed beneath, and

catching a few of their words which happened to be intelligible, I guessed that they were in search of some one.

I had scarcely descended and gone a few steps to the left through a vineyard, when I was arrested by talking just in front, and almost walked into another Turkish patrol. Things were looking exceedingly unpleasant, and I bitterly repented having waited so long with such a fool-hardy girl.

Slowly I groped my way back to seek the kindly shelter of the lemon-tree, and as I did so I became aware of stealthy footsteps following. With the sudden impulse of flight I quickened my pace, but the cat-like tread followed hard behind. I had certainly been noticed, and yet I wondered at this mysterious mode of tracking. Why did they not challenge me at once to stand? There was something suggestive of hidden devilry in its slyness; and all the stories of Turkish atrocities that have been circulating so freely amongst the Greeks flashed through my mind and made my nerves tingle with a strange dread.

However, I kept stumbling on my way, ever conscious that my pursuer, with sinister purpose, never allowed me to escape his sight. If there had just been one I might have risked an encounter, but with so many Turkish soldiers round, such a proceeding would be absurd; my only chance was in trying to discover some place of concealment.

On arriving at the middle of a rather dense grove, I was on the point of turning round to see if my silent pursuer was near at hand, when I felt a sudden grasp on my throat, and I was borne to the ground by a powerful arm, as a voice whispered in broken Turkish:

'Not a word or you are a dead man!' while the gleam of cold steel, in the shape of a dagger held aloft, enforced this strange command.

Knowing that in war threats are most summarily carried out, and that one dead man more or less matters little, I prudently held my peace, and a peculiar instinct restrained me from struggling.

For a while he held me motionless until the tramp of horses' hoofs on a neighbouring road died away, and then, a weird curiosity overcoming my patience, I managed to gasp:

'What do you want?'

'Your clothes,' came the muffled answer.

'Was the man mad?' I wondered; for what could he want with clothes, seeing that he was resplendent in officer's uniform? 'Ah! most likely a deserter,' I thought, 'and wants an exchange of garments. Well, perhaps after all it might not be so bad for me; a uniform might help me to pass the Turkish lines easier.'

'Is that all?' I asked again with whispered breath, for which now I seemed to understand the reason.

'Yes, an exchange.'

'All right; there is my word of honour for it.'

He relaxed his hold, and silently, in the stillness and gloom of the clump of trees, we each divested ourselves of our respective garments and made a fair exchange.

'Your name?' he whispered.

'James Henry Nuttall of Liverpool.'

I was going to ask his by way of return, when he suddenly vanished as stealthily as he came. It was not until I had fastened the last buckle of my uniform that the awful truth dawned on me that he was a Greek officer, a spy most likely, sorely pressed by the enemy's scouts. I hastily glanced at my clothes; and, dark though it was, I soon recognised the Greek uniform, though I could not yet distinguish the colour. That accounted for the strange Turkish accent of my assailant, which at first I had imagined was due to whispering and my own ignorance.

My already evil plight had thus become vastly worse, for it was evident I personated the man for whom the soldiers were in search. Possibly he had been challenged and made off, with the Turks in pursuit, and in his desperation had crossed my path, when his quick wit suggested a chance of escape. Altogether I smiled grimly as I thought my name would not extract much leniency from the Turk, for, owing to the silly love affair and my devotion to a headstrong girl, I had made myself most obnoxious to the Turkish authorities, and was regarded as partly responsible for the war by supplying money for arms and ammunition to freebooters.

Once more I heard footsteps and voices approaching. I seemed to be in a veritable nest of the enemy. In despair I gazed wildly round, looking in vain for some hiding-place. There was none. Two Turks were already in sight, and a shrill 'Who goes there?' sounded in my ears, and I caught the glimpse of a raised rifle. With one bound I cleared a small mound of earth in front of me, and leaping over another wall, took to my heels as fast as my legs could carry me, while the swift 'ping' of a bullet sped through the air close to my ear.

When a boy my only prizes at school had been for races, and in a moment I seemed to have recovered my old agility. As in that wild steeple-chase for life I sprang over the succession of mud walls that surrounded the numerous vineyards, the commands of the old drill-sergeant kept ever recurring: 'Feet well together! Chest expanded!'

Fortunately I had taken a direction impossible for horsemen, so, save for the bullets that whistled past, I was unfollowed. My last leap, however, ended with an unexpected blow, as down I fell some twelve feet on the opposite side of the dike, and lay stunned on a heap of stones.

When I awoke to consciousness day had dawned, and the earth seemed actually to be trembling with the noise of battle. Away to my right an incessant roar of artillery showed that the war-cloud had burst, while every now and then a

sharp, crackling fusillade told of hotter and closer engagements; and suddenly I would start at the sound of a loud whir as a shell passed overhead.

Putting my hand into the breast-pocket of my tunic, I discovered a small flask of brandy, which quite refreshed me; and, starting to my feet, I followed the bed of a little river towards where a small party of Greeks were gallantly defending a grassy knoll. Partly covered by the banks of the stream, I managed to arrive at the spot with little danger, and had barely reached the top, when I was accosted in a loud voice by a heated and smoke-begrimed-looking major on horseback.

'Hollo, captain! Mighty glad to see you, wherever you have dropped from. Have you a command?'

'No,' I gasped half-breathlessly. And then, before I could utter a word of explanation, he exclaimed:

'Here, then, take charge of this company. Both the other fellows are hit. Hold this mound at all hazards. I'll be back shortly;' and setting spurs to his horse, he galloped away till lost in the clouds of smoke that hung deep and heavy over the scene of conflict.

'Well, that's cool!' I murmured, as, taking out my white-silk handkerchief, to which I had clung in the exchange, I wiped the perspiration and dust from my brow. I, James Henry Nuttall, banker, of Liverpool, and manager of the Anglo-Greek Heritable Trust, Limited, in command of a company! I know that most of my acquaintances would be likely to say, 'Pity the company!'

It was impossible to follow the major and explain, even if in the confusion of battle he could understand. To slink off was alike most hazardous; the excited soldiery would at once suspect cowardice and soon make an end of me.

Looking round, I noticed with satisfaction that the men seemed to understand their work thoroughly. At present it consisted merely in exchanging shots with a skirmishing party of the enemy, who, I was delighted to observe, were in retreat, having evidently just been repulsed.

The battle seemed to roll far to the right, and we were on the extreme left, and so as time went on we soon had little to do.

Not a mile away, a little to our left, stood Sophia's home, nestling sweetly amid its orange and olive groves. The extremes of the Turkish right wing seemed to be within about half a mile of it, though as yet I could discern no soldiers near.

Suddenly an inspiration seized me. Why not rescue her with this company that had fallen to my command?

I called the wizened, grizzly-looking sergeant who was standing near, and telling him I was one of the English volunteer officers serving with the Greeks, and therefore slightly unfamiliar with the words of command, I said I should leave the issuing of orders to him.

'There are some prisoners in yonder house,' I

said, 'whom we have to rescue. Now is our time. There do not seem to be many of the enemy about there. Advance in open order.'

In a few moments 'my' company were hurrying across the intervening country in grand style.

'I think they are signalling your instant return, sir,' said the sergeant, saluting.

'Never you mind, sergeant. Obey my orders for the present;' and I uncased the revolver at my belt in a threatening manner.

Ere long an aide-de-camp came galloping up.

'The colonel wants to know what you are about, sir, and commands your retreat at once.'

'Tell the colonel to mind his own business; and if he wants to know what I am doing he shall see directly,' I replied hotly, for a sudden movement of the Turks towards Sophia's house increased my fears for her safety and roused me to a state of fierce excitement.

She had evidently noticed our coming, for suddenly from the centre of the flat-roofed house the Greek flag unfurled itself to the breeze.

At that sight my men could not restrain a cheer, and in my heart I blessed the courageous girl.

The Turks saw, and came rushing to intercept.

'Forward, lads!' I cried, springing in front, as with drawn sword I led them in my frenzy against the opposing Turks. I felt the bullets whistling past, but heeded not. Next moment we were close at hand, and I had the vision of a big, burly fellow aiming a blow at me. Instinctively I raised my sword to parry, but in vain. Down I went with a crash to the ground under that stunning blow, and my eyes were blind with blood as I staggered to my feet again.

'Bravo, sir!' cried the sergeant at my heel, as

he stopped for a moment to examine my wound. 'Only the cheek slit, sir. Yes, I will tie it roughly up with the handkerchief,' he said as I held its silken folds out to him. And he certainly did it in a most business-like way.

Our charge had swept the Turks back, and in a few seconds I was once more in the house which I had left the previous night.

'Oh captain,' cried Sophia, coming to me and not recognising my bandaged, blood-stained face, 'do, do, for mercy's sake! do push on but to yonder grove and save a young Englishman whom the Turks are about to shoot! They just caught him a short time ago, and are going to kill him. Oh, do!' and her tear-stained eyes looked up to me with a most piteous expression.

'You love him?' I asked in a mumbled voice; and as a faint crimson blush warmed the deathly-pale cheeks, she exclaimed passionately:

'Yes, with all my soul and'—

But she got no farther, for, to her dismay, I caught her to my breast.

It took me some moments to convince her that the grimy, martial figure who held her in his arms was 'her Jack,' but soon it was all explained.

I despatched, however, some men to rescue what turned out to be my Greek assailant of the previous night.

Meanwhile the Greek general signalled to remain where we were until reinforcements came, as our sudden dash had turned the flank of the enemy and saved Greece a disastrous day.

I need hardly say that ere the sun set I returned my sword to its lawful owner, and, loaded with the thanks of all, carried my promised bride far from the sound and smoke of battle.

HEALING BY OXYGEN.



IT is somewhat humiliating to our pride of civilisation to observe in how many cases we have been indebted to uncivilised peoples for very valuable knowledge bearing directly on life and health. A very conspicuous illustration of this is afforded in an entirely new system of healing wounds which has lately been attracting a good deal of attention, and which certainly appears to have achieved some very remarkable results.

This new system is known as the oxygen treatment, and appears to have been suggested by a practice of the Zulus. During the Zulu war it was observed that these dusky warriors were accustomed to carry their wounded as far as they could up the nearest mountain as a means of facilitating recovery. They, of course, knew nothing about the science of the matter; all they knew was that it was the immemorial practice of

their tribe, and that as a matter of fact a wound healed sooner high up on a mountain-side than it did on the plains below. That was the experience of the Zulus; and in the light of the teaching of recent bacteriological science, it looked to be not at all improbable that it should be so.

Modern science has shown that in all surgical matters micro-organisms play an all-important part. Wherever there are wounds or sores, living things, microscopically small and amazingly numerous, soon begin to show themselves; and, under certain very common conditions, they bring about inflammatory and putrefactive complications. Lord Lister's great discovery consisted in the recognition of the troublesome action of these micro-organisms, and in the devising of means of getting rid of them. They are constantly present in the atmosphere, and wherever there is a wound or a sore exposed they are ready to fasten on it. Lord Lister discovered this, and he devised the 'anti-

septic treatment' of wounds as a means of keeping out these mischievous agents. Only exclude these troublesome disturbers from a wound made by the surgeon's knife, and, generally speaking, the healthy forces of nature will heal that wound quickly and easily. The truth of this theory and the splendid practical success that has attended its adoption are known to all the world.

Experiments in the oxygen treatment of wounds have, however, suggested some modifications of the theory upon which Lord Lister has based his great and beneficent revolution in surgical practice. 'Listerism,' as it is conveniently called, assumes that all micro-organisms in wounds are bad, and that success in healing depends very greatly on their being destroyed altogether. According to the newer theory this is not quite true. There are good bacteria as well as bad. Just as there are good fairies and bad, just as in the world around us there are moral influences that corrupt and deteriorate and destroy, while there are others whose tendency is all to purify and strengthen and improve, so, it seems, in this tiny physical world of micro-organisms there are some that work for death and destruction and others for life and health. And just as in the universe at large there is a spirit of goodness, a power that makes for righteousness, discouraging and suppressing the bad and helping and fostering the good, so it is said to have been found that oxygen-gas kills out these mischievous and destructive micro-organisms—*Streptococci*, *Bacillus fluorescens*, *Bacillus fetidus*, rod bacteria, and so on, as bacteriologists have learned to call them—while it invigorates and encourages the growth and development of those that tend to build sound and healthy flesh—such as *Staphylococcus albus*, *Staphylococcus aureus*, and *Staphylococcus citreus*.

It does not, it will be seen, come into conflict with Lord Lister's teaching, or in any way detract from his splendid discovery; it supplements and develops it. It is true, as he assumes, that Nature is the great healer; it is true, as he said, that the difficulty of healing very commonly arises from the intrusion of mischievous micro-organisms; and it is quite true that by excluding and destroying these organisms by the 'antiseptic treatment'—the anti-putrefactive treatment, that is to say—the natural process of healing is immensely facilitated. The oxygen treatment is a method of warding off the corruptive power of these pernicious bacteria. What the Zulu practice appears to show, and what recent experiments are said very powerfully to confirm, is that the best of all antiseptics is to be found in pure air and plenty of oxygen. They not only kill out mischievous living organisms, but at the same time actually foster and encourage others that are working for the repair of the injury. To supply pure air and oxygen by artificial means, and thus to give Nature the best possible opportunity of doing her beneficent work of healing, is the object of the new system.

Nothing can be much simpler than the system pursued in dealing with wounds, ulcers, burns, scalds, eczema, lesions, and other injuries and affections of legs and arms and hands, backs and heads and faces, eyes and ears and noses. We will suppose that a patient has an ulcerated leg. The limb is merely washed in warm water and laid in a box with a glass side to it, permitting of its being examined from time to time without disturbance, enclosure being effected by means of an elastic covering fitting over the end of the box and round the leg of the patient. Into this glass-sided receptacle a mixture of oxygen gas and air that has been purified by passing through lime-water and Condry's fluid is now gently poured from a mackintosh gas-bag fitted with taps and tubes. That is practically the whole business. There are minor details of management and some variations of treatment that experience has suggested and that circumstances necessitate—a wound may be on the head, and a specially-devised cap will be substituted for the box; or extensive wounds or sores may be on the trunk, and then a sort of jacket will be requisite. But whatever the details may be, the essential matter is that the flesh to be healed shall be exposed to a mixture of pure air and oxygen in proportions depending on the nature of the affection to be dealt with. What is regarded as the 'standard strength' is a mixture of half oxygen and half air.

The results of this treatment, it seems hardly possible to question, are in a very large proportion of cases very remarkable. It would be scarcely reasonable to expect invariable success. There are some unfortunate mortals whose bodily systems are in so thoroughly corrupt and unhealthy a condition that nothing short of the miraculous could heal them. 'Nature' has no chance with them, and cannot build up sound flesh out of their unsound material. And it would seem that there are sometimes other causes of failure. But where there is any sort of constitution to work upon, the effects of this treatment look to be very surprising. Among the first experiences is the assuaging and cessation of pain. The patients find that from the time the oxygen begins to take effect pain begins to subside, and, generally speaking, within a couple of days or so it entirely dies out—assuming that the case is one amenable to its treatment. All unpleasant smells are similarly obviated, and the most frightful-looking sores and wounds soon begin to put on what surgeons recognise as the signs of healthy flesh formation. Maladies that have resisted all kinds of treatment for years, and in some cases for the greater part of a lifetime, have in the course of a few weeks or months been entirely, and it is believed permanently, healed—so at least it is claimed; and a hospital has been established in London under royal patronage for the treatment of patients upon the new method.